

THE QUIVER

Saturday, February 25, 1871.



"He sat cowering over the fire"—p. 322.

JOHN HESKETH'S CHARGE.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "UNDER FOOT," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LII.—PARTING.

"YES, Hesketh, that's the truth—seeing's believing, all the world over. I did not like playing the spy; but it struck me he meant mischief, so I watched."

VOL. VI.

It was with these words that John's fellow-workman concluded the narration which he had been giving his astonished listener—that, on the previous night, he happened to leave his pipe behind, and had

just the sort of day to delight the hearts of the village boys, and tempt those among them who had truant instincts to shirk the duties of school for the superior attractions of snow-balling and the intense joy of a slide. Every pond and pool was alive with amateur skaters. The exuberant boy-spirit revelled in the sport, and the merriment ran high and loud. No wonder that the worthy landlord of "The Grapes" had been lured to the door—his usual source of recreation. There he stood, just as on that summer evening when he had been interrogated by the man employed to seek David Ashton. The round, beaming face was perhaps a little fatter and the figure a trifle heavier. Beyond those points of difference there was no apparent change in Matthew Grimes. His wife, Phoebe, sat in the bar, entrenched behind a glittering wall of bottles and glasses, with here and there a relief in the form of a golden lemon, her plump face and showy cap-ribbons catching innumerable bright reflections from the cosy fire.

"Matthew, Matthew, do come in; nobody else beside an old stupid would find anything out there worth the trouble of staring at."

The obedient husband was about to obey her call when he was stopped by the approach of a man whom he instantly discovered to be a stranger in the village; for the landlord of "The Grapes" was familiar with the faces of all the residents about the neighbourhood. The man looked up at the sign, then surprised him by the unexpected inquiry, "Have you any one in this latitude sailing under the name of Ashton?"

Matthew Grimes looked stolidly at his interrogator and said slowly, "What do you mean?"

"I want an old farmer of that name—David Ashton. Can you tell me where he lives?"

"David Ashton," repeated the landlord with an embarrassed air; "what can you want with him?"

A gleam of humour rippled over the stranger's face, for a moment lifting the cloud that seemed to rest there, as he murmured, "That was a genuine touch of native impudence." Aloud he said, "Rather an odd way of answering my question, Mr. Landlord. It strikes me that what I want with him doesn't matter to anybody else beside myself. If you know where David Ashton lives, tell me and earn my thanks."

Matthew Grimes had no intention of complying with that request. Experience had taught him caution. His mind was running upon the suspicious-looking stranger who had stopped at his door in the summer and made that same inquiry for David Ashton. That it had brought some kind of trouble to the old man had been learned through the servant Patty. Since then the worthy couple had always taken to themselves a certain measure of reproach for the share they had in it, by directing the man to the schoolmaster's cottage, and by way of reparation, had agreed that if any more strangers were to come

sneaking about with their prying questions, they should be left to go away as wise as they came.

"That is if you can keep a still tongue, Matthew; there's the danger, for I sometimes think your head's like a sieve, apt to let out whatever's put into it."

This was generally the summing up of the sagacious little matron; the husband had a dim idea that there was a side of the argument for him, but he did not say so.

He was debating with himself what answer he ought to make, when he heard another call from the bar, and it struck him, as a bright thought, that his best way out of the difficulty would be to shift it over to Phoebe. Acting on this idea he put on a bustling manner, and said hastily, "Ah! I'm wanted inside, but if you like to step in my wife will attend to anything you may have to say."

The stranger did like, and after a few seconds found himself standing at the bar, confronted by the bright, inquisitive eyes of the landlady. Her first critical inspection showed her a tall, powerful-looking man, not really past the prime of life, but looking older than his years, the effect of exposure and a life of hard work. It could be seen that sickness had had a hand in making the fine eyes dull and sunken, and giving that face its sallow hue. He wore a suit of dark blue, which had evidently seen hard service, and his gait and manner might have suggested a seaman to observers less obtuse than the good people at the village inn, who inferred nothing, except that he was a stranger, apparently not over well fed nor well dressed, and therefore an object of suspicion.

"Phoebe, this gentleman wants to speak to you."

Thus introduced, the stranger added for himself, "Yes, I am inquiring for an old man called David Ashton; can you tell me where he lives?"

A telegraphic communication passed between the eyes of husband and wife, in which the latter managed to convey to her lord an emphatic, "Leave him to me."

She was engaged in cutting strips of paper which her nimble fingers twisted into long slender spills. The stranger found himself unconsciously watching the operation with some interest, though he was growing impatient and painfully anxious about the information which he sought, and his mind at that moment was burdened with many cares. There was a sharp click of the scissors as she answered: "There's nobody of that name living about here."

The man seemed perplexed and disappointed.

"No one of that name living here! are you sure, my good lady, for I made myself certain that I was at the end of my journey? I know it's the village I'm bound for, and that I'm on the right tack."

The landlord fidgeted uncomfortably behind the stranger; he had a strong inclination to set him right on the subject of his inquiries, but a warning glance from his wife restrained him. The man reflected a

moment, then asked, "Isn't the schoolmaster of the village called Ashton?"

"No, it's Smith; we've a new one here now."

"And the one before, what was his name?"

"Ashton, but he's been dead nearly five months."

The hand that rested on the ledge of the bar visibly trembled as the stranger said, "Dead! and the old man, his father, what has become of him?"

Mrs. Grimes coughed, considered a moment, then answered, "Went away to London with his granddaughter last November."

"Can you tell me where?"

"No, only that it was London."

That was all the information which the stranger could elicit from the landlady of "The Grapes," who kept her resolution not to tell anything that could lead to the discovery of David Ashton. He ventured some questions about the schoolmaster's illness, but the answers were vague and unsatisfactory, telling nothing that he wished to know, for Mrs. Grimes fenced round the subject with an adroitness that excited the admiration of her husband.

"There," she said triumphantly, as the stranger

passed down the steps, "I think I've settled that part of the business; he'll have his work before him if he sets about seeking them in London with no better direction than I've given him. If it had been you, Matthew, he'd have got to know all about the rector being such a friend to the poor schoolmaster, and he'd been sure to have gone there."

"But perhaps we've made another blunder, Phoebe; he may be a friend or relation. Didn't you notice that he seemed upset when he heard about the schoolmaster's death?"

"Relation or no relation," she cried indignantly, snapping off a shred of paper, "we wasn't going to be the means of sending trouble to the old man a second time, for it's more likely than anything that it's something to do with the old affair. You don't know the world, Matthew Grimes."

While the pair were holding this conversation the object of it was slowly wending his way to the railway station, saying to himself, "My journey for nothing; I shall be obliged to do it after all; there's no other way now but to see Robinson Brothers."

(To be continued.)

THE FEET OF JESUS.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SYROPHENICIAN WOMAN.

"A certain woman, whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of him, and came and fell at his feet: the woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation; and she besought him that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter."—Mark vii. 25, 26.



THE first position which this woman took up does not appear to have been at the feet of Jesus. According to the account given us in St. Matthew, she seems to have followed Christ for some little time, probably at somewhat of a distance, crying after him, and begging for mercy at once upon herself and her child. She was apparently within hearing distance, but that availed her nothing, for Jesus answered her not a word. And if she heard the answer which the Lord gave to the disciples, when they asked that she should be given what she wanted and sent away, her chances of help seemed about utterly to perish. But "the feet of Jesus" had yet to be tried. Neither had the mother's perseverance nor His grace been tried as yet to the uttermost; that saying, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel," which to some might have seemed a hurricane blast, enough to sweep her beyond all reach of hope for ever, was in truth intended to catch her in eddies, which swift circling would soon sweep her into the centre, and that centre was "the feet of Jesus."

Here, on the very threshold of the story, we are met by our first teaching. We have here one brought to the feet of Jesus. It may seem to us that, so as the mother's heart were eased and the afflicted child were healed, it would have been all one whether this were accomplished by speaking to the woman at a distance, or at the very feet; but we may rest assured it is not so. Whether we see it or no, there are reasons in all the diversities of circumstances attending each particular act of mercy.

And, first, let us observe that there are often preliminaries, and those not of a formal, but of a very important character, to our being found at the feet of Jesus. There are often preparations and exercisings of heart, ere the knee of man bends at the foot of Christ. And they are all for this very purpose, that we may be brought there, and receive what is to be had there; and get that particular fulness of blessing which can be had from close contact with him.

"Why is it thus with me?" cries many a weary waiting soul, many a one knowing, as it thinks, the fulness of its need. Why but to learn, by an apparent prospect of failure in having that need

supplied, that it really did not know how deep it was before? Why is it thus? Because thou must know yet more the depth of what thou dost want, and the depth of what Christ can give.

At times we think we are close enough to Christ, within reach of him to get what we want; but he means to bring us closer still, because he intends to give us more.

The preliminaries of blessing are sometimes very wonderful; the way in which great blessings are prepared for, and come about, are amongst the deep things of God.

Although it be crowded into a short space as to time, and a few words as to the chronicling of it, yet was there much here required, ere this woman was brought into what was to be to her the place and posture of great blessing. There was the frequent repetition of those cries of anguish, when we should have said that one would have been enough—the indifference to them, and that no ordinary indifference, for she cried to One who could help her (and He who can heal has, from that very power, a certain relationship to the one who requires that healing); the natural uprising of hard thoughts about One who seemed so hard in thought to her—all this she had to undergo, but all to bring her nearer to the Lord.

Often we are inclined to say, "Why have I to bear this? what has this to say to the blessing I need?" is not this rather leading away from that blessing? But each thing is a link in the chain of blessing, inexplicable in itself, beautifully harmonious as part of a whole.

All is thus done to bring us to the feet. We must be *placed* for certain blessings. We think we can place ourselves; the Syrophenician woman, no doubt, thought that to cry after Jesus was enough. And so it might have been, did God design no more for her than the bare healing of her child; but she needed to be particularly placed for what she was particularly to receive. The "ten lepers, which stood afar off, lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us. And when he saw them, he said, Go show yourselves to the priests." They received their measure of blessing thus; but she hers—and that a greater one—at the very feet.

Once at Jesus's feet there was much to follow. And it is important simply to note this, because we are apt to have very mistaken views as to finality. We are continually thinking that the end has come before it really has. We make a part of a Divine process the end, and seem surprised when it does not answer our expectation. We are seeking the blessing before it is due; we have only gone once or twice, whereas, perhaps, seven times are appointed before we see even a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

And this is how many of God's people have been

discouraged when seeking blessing. They expected too much from early stages; they never surmised that they had been brought to a certain point just in order to be led on farther.

Christ had deeper views for this woman than she had for herself, and so he has for us. It would have been easy for him to have spoken a healing word, and so have ended up this matter with but little trouble to himself, and with much satisfaction both to the disciples and the woman; but he had deeper thoughts of blessing for her than that. And so, when we do not receive all at once the good thing we desire, but are left to cry still more vehemently for it; and it may be even to be much exercised in apparent repulses with reference to it, ever let us remember that this is because God designs for us more than in this matter we have planned for ourselves. We are now in the midst of the thoughts of God as well as of our own—of his ways as well as ours; and we have to experience that his ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts like our thoughts.

We now have this Syrophenician woman brought to the feet of Jesus—brought there by the apparent neglect of the One from whom she had hoped everything. Having been answered never a word, she does not, after the fashion of ordinary mendicants, go away, believing that it is but lost time to ask any more; on the other hand, she comes yet closer to Christ—closer to the One who had to all appearance practically refused her; and falling at his feet, she now bars the way, and he can proceed no further until he hears, and she knows that he hears her request, and until he answers her after some fashion. Here, then, we have her; and seeing what sort of place is the ground immediately at the feet of Jesus, how tremendous was the need of this woman, what a quoin of vantage she occupied, we may expect to hear of some very earnest work—hard conflict, if need be—ere she will give up her point and go away unblest.

The expectation is fully realised. Here we have the woman (1) remaining, (2) arguing, (3) enduring, (4) persevering, and (5) conquering—and all at the feet of Jesus.

There she remained. And it will be well for us to note this; for this "remaining" has more teaching for us than we think. It is not always so easy a thing to remain quiet at the feet of Jesus; to carry on much and varied effort there; to be calm and still within the one sphere. We find it very hard to harmonise energy and calmness—to make them work together. We are for shifting the scene of operations; we are, so to speak, up and down continually; we don't continue in one stay. We should be much more calm if we realised where we were. Our power lies not so much in *what* we are, as in *where*

we are. Let the feet of Jesus be to us a place of continuance.

We trouble ourselves about the amount of effort we are making, whether we are earnest enough, and so forth; but in the truest need—the hardest work of the soul—there is no thought of self at all; all the eye, and ear, and thought are upon the Lord.

We never can be quiet, or put forth the power of quiet energy, unless we have well fixed before our minds the One from whom we are expecting help. Some rush hither and thither, like Balak: but they get no nearer blessing. We are to know where we are, and what is to be, and what can be done there. We have the advantage of having our field of action circumscribed, and marked out for us; now let us see what victories can be won there.

It may be that the intellectual think this position at the feet of Christ beneath them—this sphere too small for their energies. They say, "Talk to us about the head of Jesus, and not about his feet." But she who thus supplicated at Jesus's feet was thought worthy of being argued with—nay, was herself allowed to argue with the Lord, and to win in argument a victory, the like of which no lawyer has ever won in the courts, no orator in the tribune, no disputant in the schools. It was from the feet of Jesus that there was carried away the highest triumph of argument that was ever won. No excited crowds applauded; none crowned the victor; no one save her adversary in the strife gave testimony to her skill; but when it is said that *he* did, then all is said which can be said; yea, more is said than could be said in all other ways beside.

Down at his feet this woman won her victory of faith—her daughter's cure. Like Jacob of old, she would not let him go until he blessed her; like him she had power with the One with whom she strove and prevailed. Sustaining two opposite characters in the selfsame suit—plaintiff as regards her child, defendant as regards her race—she won her cause in each; a double judgment was entered in her favour by the Lord's command. If a miracle of healing proceeded from his lips, surely he must have inspired a miracle of pleading at his feet!

What had been this woman's introduction to the presence-chamber, where indeed things had fallen out so unexpectedly that, instead of simply receiving a largesse as from a king, she had to argue her cause as though she had to substantiate claims in court? Poor claims they were, no doubt—the claim of the dog to eat the crumbs which fell from the children's table. But the small possessions of the poor are infinitely precious to them; their heritage of crumbs is their very life.

Her only introduction to the feet of Jesus—

which, after all, was a royal presence-chamber—was by her misery. Misery is a strange chamberlain, but it is a high officer in the court of Jesus; it is one of the *grand* chamberlains, and it has authority at all times to introduce to audience with the King. Am I miserable—I ask not from what cause, but miserable—then by that very fact I am sure, if I desire it, of an immediate introduction to the presence of my Lord. The misery itself supplies the means.

Divers persons were treated differently when they came to Christ—though each one doubtless exactly as his case required; and so we cannot say, when once there, what may go on; only we know that, whatever it is, it will be exactly as is right, and as in the end will be best for us.

No doubt there are many arguings and soul-strivings carried on at the feet of Jesus. It may even be that the spirit's fiercest throes have been experienced there. And here this woman has to argue—and mark, where—at the feet of Jesus. It was when Christ might have been supposed to want to go on, she was exactly in the place where she was likely to impede him most.

It is as though we were to be taught that Jesus has no occupations of too great moment to be arrested by human, even by individual misery. We have such occupations in action, often such preoccupations of mind that we must not be stopped by any one, or for anything. That is just one of the differences between Christ and us.

One would have thought that while Jesus was on his feet, and kept standing there, all this argument might have been dispensed with; but he himself, who alone could dispense with it, did not do so; that dealing with that woman's spirit was no lost time to him.

In all probability, in human judgment—in that of the disciples—the whole thing was most inappropriate. The woman had gone from bad to worse; whereas she had been crying after them, now she was prostrate before them.

But Christ had work to do with this woman's soul, which they knew not of; and surely, he commences also in a way which they could not understand. It was a strange way to prepare for conferring a gift, by giving what seemed an unanswerable reason why the gift should not be conferred. But some of the highest gifts which men have ever had, they have come by in this way. They were emptied, that they might be filled; they were pressed hard against the earth, that they might spring up the higher from it.

Christ tells this woman that she has no national claims upon him at all. The statement of her being a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation, or in other words, "a stranger," comes very quick upon the mention of "Jesus's feet," and her position at

them, suggesting to us how entirely—humanly speaking—she had no business there.

But she drew an argument from her very unworthiness and alienship. She seized instantly upon that idea of the dogs, and of the children being *filled*, and of their being filled *first*; there was hope for her in these three points. She, on her part, recognised the priority of the children's claim, and their claims to fulness; but then came the claim of the dogs. Even the word used for "dogs" gave her an argument—for it was a soft, mild term the Lord used—the little dogs.

Now here we are met with a multitude of practical thoughts.

When we come to the feet of Christ, let us remember, first of all, to take up our assigned position, however low it may be. What, indeed, must be our frame of mind, how little can we know ourselves, if we are laying claim to anything in the way of position at all! We can gain no advantage by refusing to take up our assigned place—our low starting-point; we only lose time, we only lay ourselves open to the still sharper dealings of God. It may be that we think we are put in a hopeless position by being thrust down so low; but let us remember from what depths up to what heights men have sprung—how that publican who smote upon his breast returned to his house.

This woman was put at the very extreme end of creation—the Scripture always speaking as badly as possible of "dogs," and not recognising any of their nobler qualities. It was thence—and what a "thence"—that in one bound she sprang to the forefront amongst the children of faith. Having taken something even more humble than the lowest room, she heard a voice which said unto her, "Friend, come up higher." The master of the feast set her—a stranger—above many of those who were his kinsmen according to the flesh; he gave her, not crumbs, but bread; the last became the first; and her victory of faith carried away as its lawful spoil her daughter's cure.

Let us be encouraged then to seek for much, even when under deep consciousness of our unworthiness and guilt. Let us not say, "I will seek for such and such choice blessings, when I feel myself strong as a child of God. I will put off asking any great thing until I feel myself thus strong, and am in the special enjoyment of the sense of acceptance." Let us seek for what we want as we are. Perhaps we have been placed in a depressed condition, or allowed to come into it for a while, in order that we may the more deeply feel our need, and the more earnestly, and so effectually, plead with God. Many a Christian's experience is this: "If I had not dropped so low, I had not climbed so high." Men are fond of epigrammatic mottoes for heraldry, and indeed such mottoes generally are epitomes either of history or character; if mottoes

be needed for the warriors of faith, for the peerage of the skies, then can we well understand how to this woman would be assigned some such one as this.

But when we come to the feet of Jesus we are, like this Syrophenician woman, not to allow ourselves to be overwhelmed by our need, however great; but we are to be intelligent, and to try and see things as they really are, and to recognise and make use of such hopes and openings as exist.

This woman, as we have already incidentally noticed, found three points of hope—three grounds of argument—in her own and her daughter's behalf out of the one sentence addressed to her by Christ.

Jesus said, "Let the children *first* be filled." The point was, not there being nothing for any one else, but that abundance must be secured for the children, and this "first." And this "first" implied a sequence. As soon as that was done an opening was made for something further; that word "first," if only the woman had power to see it, was the possible opening of a floodgate of blessing. Could we have entered the recesses of the heart of Christ, we should have heard there the echoes of the words of Hosea: "Though I lead her into the desert, yet I will speak soothingly to her. And I will grant her her vineyards from thence, and the Valley of Achor for a door of hope."

And here was this woman's Valley of Achor, only in her case the darkness and the light did not keep apart, but, as it were, intermingled, so that to one who could discern them, there were clouds and sunshine at the selfsame time.

Now, it is a great thing to have an eye for encouragement—to see hope and openings where they are, to be quick to catch up crumbs of comfort. It is very honouring to Christ to deal with him with a hopeful spirit—to approach him with such; and even if things do not seem to go as well with us as we desire, still to keep it up.

We do not say that the materials for hopefulness always lie on the surface; they certainly did not do so in this case. They may have to be searched for; but, even though often it may be in the most unlikely places, they will be found. Many of God's choicest things are found in such places. There was Elijah's provision by that poor widow, and that piece of silver in the fish's mouth, and that feeding of the multitude by those five loaves and two small fishes; and here the blessing, in what at first sight one might almost be warranted in calling a curse.

In all our times of trial and depression let us be on the look out for the sun-gleams. No matter how few they are, still wonders may be done with them if they are used. The prize flower at a recent exhibition of the window gardening of the London poor was one grown in an attic, on which



"A brave troop of youngsters comes hurrying out"—p. 331.

the sun shone for but a short time every day. But the old man who reared this plant held it up during that time to catch the beams, and turned it round and round, and won the prize. Watch for sunbeams; use them, and you shall win with them.

Believe that there is something to come; or, at any rate, that something may come. Have great faith in possibilities, especially when Christ is on the scene of action. This woman believed in the possibility of something after the "first." She did not dispute the "first," she only fixed her hope on what might come after that.

Let us avoid the mistake of undervaluing, but see things as large as they really are.

The crumbs here alluded to are said to be something more than what fell accidentally from the table, for it was the custom during eating to use, instead of a napkin, the soft white part of the bread, which, having thus used, they threw to the dogs.

We do not want to diminish aught from the severity of the trial of the woman's faith, or make Christ's dealing with her less sharp and apparently severe than it really was. What we say is that, here were the elements of some comfort, and it was her wisdom and blessing that she realised them.

The same remark applies to the Greek word which, when translated literally, means "little dogs." One sees in this an aggravation of the woman's trial, as though our Lord did not even think the woman and her child worthy of the name of dog, but called them "whelps;" whereas another, and I conceive more justly, discerns in it a touch of kindness, for when, save dealing with sin, was Jesus unmitigatedly severe? That little cloud was the beginning of abundance of rain. The nucleus of blessing is often very small; crumbs picked up at the feet of Jesus turn miraculously to loaves. Never be afraid of using to the uttermost any bright thought which is suggested to you there. When Christ gives you a bright thought, or puts within your reach the material of hope, be it never so slight, it is that you may weave therewith a net to enfold him hand and foot, so that he cannot part from you without a blessing.

Thus this woman remained and argued at the feet of Jesus. Now we must add a few words upon her endurance of apparent repulse.

There was one terrible element in her trial which we must note. She was not spurned to the feet, but *at* the feet of Jesus. Her worst trial came upon her there. And had that woman come away unblest from that place, and had not all this been but a deep, dark defile on the highway of blessing, then we are bold to say that no man can calculate what would have been the terrible results. For proud sinners fixing on that scorn of the Lord would never subject themselves

to an endurance of the like; and men of feeble hope would feel the hopelessness of going there; and those of tender constitution of spirit, and of a nervous temperament, would never adventure a conflict with such roughness. But now we understand it all, or at least enough of it to make us feel there is no real cause for fear. We are on the safe and right road, though some of the stones on it are sharp.

This experience of the Syrophenician woman tells us to avoid the mistake of always expecting dealings of unmingled brightness at the feet of Jesus. There are many strange dealings on men at times to bring them to the feet; are there never any strange ones when *at* them? The reader of these lines, if he know much of the spiritual life, would lay down these pages as unreal, or would receive what they have yet to say with distrust, if we made out that unmingled brightness was the characteristic of all dealings at Jesus's feet.

But, however dark may be the things which are there shown us about ourselves, blessing is not on that account about to be withheld.

When "the man, the lord of the land, spake roughly" to the patriarchs (Gen. xlii. 30) he was still their brother, and was planning great things for them. There are certain blessings, doubtless, which can come only by rough experiences. The heroes of faith, like all others truly great, have ever borne, as well as done, much. The sustainings are as wonderful as the accomplishments in the spiritual life.

So she persevered, and won the blessing she desired. It was on this occasion as on others—great miracles, and good doings, and outflowings of blessing followed on times of, as it were, personal withdrawals on the part of Jesus. It was after a withdrawal of himself that the multitudes were fed, and that he appeared walking upon the waters; it was when he made as though he would go farther that he yielded to constraint, and revealed himself as he had not done all the time he had spoken with them by the way.

All withdrawals of Christ, rightly interpreted, are real onleadings. When the bride (Cant. iii.) sought her beloved, but could not find him, then she rose and went about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways she sought him whom her soul loved.

"It is expedient for you," said the Lord himself, "that I go away"—for thus the Spirit came, and the heart is led onward to an ascended Christ in higher conceptions of him than it could have had, if he had tarried here.

We would observe in closing our contemplations on this scene, how we are taught that there is mercy at the feet of Jesus for those whom we perhaps think to be outside all possible circle of blessing. The highway and the hedge teach us

this; and so does this story of the Syrophœnician woman at the feet of Jesus.

Let us also see how that very often our judgment about strugglers may be altogether wrong. We know not why they are struggling, or what purposes of mercy are wrapped up in it, or how it

will end. The exercises of a soul are amongst the hidden things of God. Of one thing only let us assure ourselves on these occasions, and let that reassure us: is all this really going on in the right place? for all striving must prosper in the end which is carried on at the "feet of Jesus."

LOVE LINKS.

WHEN the task of the day has been conquered
I turn

Towards my snug nest in the valley below,
Where, attuned by the fairies, a light-hearted burn
For ever makes music and rare blossoms blow.

There so deftly the woodbine goes rambling at will
All over the porch, while the jasmine and rose,
In a tender communion, climb up to my sill,
And through my quaint lattice their beauties
disclose.

But a cluster of blossoms more rare I behold,
As the sound of my footfall awakens a shout,
And with cheeks red as sunrise and locks bright as
gold

A brave troop of youngsters comes hurrying out.
Every sense of fatigue is forgotten, or flies,
The instant those dear ones are thronging around,

And full oft a warm tear or two steals to my eyes,
The tear not of sorrow, but pleasure profound.

Then they cling to my skirt and they catch at my
hand,

And lead me a captive, most willing I own,
To the pleasantest prison through all this broad
land,

And the tend'rest gaoler that ever was known.

Ay, the kindest of wives is awaiting me there,
Her bright hazel eyes overcome with delight;
And our latest-born little one climbing my chair,
To clasp my brown neck and to kiss his "good
night."

From such pleasant enthrallment I never could rove
Or summer or winter, not even in thought
Far more potent to hold are the fetters of love,
Then sternest of iron that ever was wrought.

JOHN G. WATTE.

PETER KOPPLESTOCK,

THE FERRYMAN OF BRILL. BY W. H. G. KINGSTON, AUTHOR OF "AT THE SOUTH POLE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER III.

CASPAR did not at first like this plan. It was treacherous and deceitful, and he must act the part of a spy and a hypocrite to carry it out, but as it was proposed to him by his father confessor, he came to the conclusion that he ought not to hesitate about it.

The merchant Hopper was surprised a few days after this to receive a visit from Caspar Gaill. The young man told him that he had abandoned all hopes of winning his daughter's hand; indeed, he thought of quitting the country. He confessed that he had of late taken every opportunity of examining the new doctrines, and that he was acquainted enough with them to make him desire to go to England, where he might study them more freely, and with greater safety. "I know not what your opinions may be, Mr. Hopper, but I am very sure that you will not mention mine to any one else."

The merchant was generally cautious, but the young man's apparent frankness threw him greatly off his guard. Caspar, urged on by Father Quixada, persevered, and at length fully persuaded the

merchant Hopper that he was a convert to the Protestant faith. A private meeting of Protestants was to take place, and Caspar entreated that he might be allowed to be present. The merchant no longer hesitated. At the meeting prayers were offered up, hymns sung, and the simple Gospel plainly put before those present. The young man listened attentively in spite of himself. He there learned that all men are sinners and justly condemned; that "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son" to suffer instead of sinful man, and to save him from the result of that determination. He heard that "the just shall live by faith," not by any works, not by any good deeds that they can do, not by any forms and ceremonies to which they may adhere, but simply trusting to the blood shed for them on Calvary, to the perfect and complete sacrifice offered up by Christ for them. He there learned that Jesus Christ had become sinful man's sin-bearer; that he had fulfilled the obedience which man had neglected to fulfil; that he came to save sinners, to lift the weary and heart-broken, the wretched and the penitent, out of their miserable state; that man is saved simply by turning away

from his sins, from his idolatries, from the thoughtless course he may have hitherto followed, and looking trustfully, believingly, on Jesus crucified for him. The young man went away from the meeting with new thoughts, but with an unchanged heart. He had promised to go immediately to Father Quixada, and he fulfilled his promise, though not without doubt and hesitation.

"You have done well," said the father; "let me once get among these people, and I will put a stop to their preaching, while you may make sure of winning pretty Gretchen for your wife, and perchance come in for a share of the merchant's property, which I may secure for you."

There was to be another meeting the following night. Caspar passed the interval in a state of doubt and agitation. He had promised to introduce the father, who, disguised as a German merchant just arrived from the South, was eager to be present. Often the young man thought he would try and persuade the father not to go, then that he would positively refuse to introduce him. He had, however, already given him so much information that he would have had no difficulty in finding his way to the place of meeting by himself. Still, Caspar might acknowledge his own treacherous intentions and warn the Protestants of the spy who was about to be in their midst. The cunning priest soon discovered his perplexity, and used every argument to induce him to be satisfied that he was doing the right thing. Caspar was over-persuaded but not convinced. The evening came, the meeting took place, and the German merchant was received as a Christian brother by those present. He noted them all, old men, young men, and women of various ranks.

Father Quixada heard the same truths which had been listened to by Caspar Gaill, but they fell on ground of a different character. He went away utterly regardless of them. He had now, not only the merchant Hopper, but several other influential and wealthy citizens in his power. He wished, however, to get more into his net, and hearing that in a day or two another meeting would take place, at which several other persons would attend, he laid his plans accordingly. "I shall have a good haul by that time," he thought to himself.

Caspar Gaill had in the meantime been seized with remorse. He had betrayed the man who had trusted him, the father of one whom he wished to make his bride; still he dared not warn them. The friar, he well knew, had his eye upon him. He knew too completely the secrets of his heart, and he felt sure that should he attempt to defeat Father Quixada's projects, he himself would be the first victim of his vengeance.

At the intended meeting, not only the merchant Hopper, but his fair daughter Gretchen was present. Caspar Gaill came also, but how different were his

thoughts to those he had entertained when first he entered that hall.

He kept looking anxiously round, hoping that the German merchant might not appear. His heart sank, however, when just before the sermon began, the seeming merchant appeared, and was, to human eye, the most devout of all the congregation. No one joined more heartily in the hymns of Marot; no one seemed to hang more earnestly on the words of the speaker. Again were the glorious truths of the Gospel put forth in simple language. Though the merchant's eyes were fixed on the speaker, and his countenance beamed with intelligence, his thoughts were far away, occupied in a plan for capturing the whole of those who were engaged in worship round him. His quick eye, too, was noting all who were present. He marked the fair Gretchen, and knew her at once from being with her father.

"Caspar has not chosen ill, so far as eye is concerned," he said to himself. "No wonder he raves about the little maiden. He need no longer have any fears about winning her; she may not love him, but surely she will rather become his bride than be sent to the stake. Few girls would prefer burning, or drowning, or hanging, to a young and gallant husband. Caspar is well-favoured, she will not refuse him; we will give her the choice."

The meeting was brought to a conclusion. Father Quixada left the hall with the rest, and after making several turns and twists so as to escape observation, he took his way to the house where a newly-arrived bishop lodged, sent from Brussels to look into the religious condition of Brill. The bishop and Father Quixada were of kindred spirit. The former held an important office in the Holy Inquisition and felt no compunction, but on the contrary, considerable satisfaction at sending a dozen of his fellow-creatures to suffer death by drowning, or burning, because they might differ from him on a few theological points. Father Quixada explained the plan he had adopted, and received the warm approval of his superior.

It was late at night. The fair Gretchen was about retiring to her room. The merchant had been engaged at his books and accounts. He had been collecting such property as he could put into a portable form, and had made up his mind to leave Brill forthwith for England. He had communicated his intentions to Peter Kopplestock, who highly approved of them, and had engaged to put him on board a vessel the following morning by daybreak. There was a knock at the door. The merchant himself, attended by Barbara the housekeeper, went with a light to open it. A figure wrapped in a cloak was standing there.

"Admit me for a moment," said the stranger. "I come to warn you of danger."

He entered, and the light held by Barbara fell on the features of Caspar Gaill.

"I come to entreat you to fly immediately. Even now I may be too late. The officers of the Inquisition are already proceeding through the city, to capture certain suspected persons. You are among them. I dare not wait another moment, no mercy would be shown me if I was discovered."

The unhappy young man spoke in a low, trembling voice. Tears were in his eyes; he was pale as death.

Again he hastened forth. He had not dared to confess the whole truth. The merchant closed the door, and proceeded with yet greater speed with his preparations. He sent Barbara to Gretchen's room to tell her to prepare for flight. During the house-keeper's absence there was another knock at the door. It was repeated with far greater violence when those without found that it was not opened. After the warning he had received, the merchant guessed too well who were his visitors. He hastily concealed the property he was about to carry off, and the other articles he had prepared for his departure. He then sent Barbara to the door, who, with unwilling hands, began slowly to withdraw the bolts.

"What is the matter?" she asked; "what are you in such a hurry for? Why do you thus disturb quiet citizens from their early rest?"

So nervous was she, however, that she could scarcely continue her interrogations. At length the last bolt was withdrawn, and a party in dark cloaks and masks were seen at the door.

"Where is your master and his daughter?" asked one of them; "they must accompany us forthwith."

"My master and his daughter!" asked Barbara, "what can you want with them at this hour of the night?"

"They must come to the Holy Office, to answer certain questions," answered the speaker. "Lead the way."

"But if the door is opened the light will be blown out, and you will be unable to follow me."

Her great aim was to delay as long as possible, in the hope that by some means her master and Gretchen might make their escape by the back of the house. She was greatly in hope that the light would blow out, that she might thus have an excuse for a longer delay.

"Come—come! no fooling, mistress!" exclaimed the officer; "lead on, or we must find the way by ourselves."

On this, Barbara proceeded up the broad steps to the floor above. Two or three men, however, kept watch below. In vain were all her precautions. In the usual sitting-room, quietly seated at a table, were Gretchen and her father. They rose as the officers of the Inquisition entered, and the merchant asked them what they wanted. The officer repeated what he had said to Barbara.

"We must obey," said the merchant; "we have no power to resist."

Instantly the father and daughter were surrounded,

and carried off separately. Poor Barbara wrung her hands in terror as she saw them depart. They were carried along to the prison in which those accused by the Inquisition were confined. Brill had for some time been free from such visitations, but the presence of Alva at Brussels had stirred up the authorities, and victims were sought for throughout every town in Flanders.

They were not allowed to languish long in prison before their trial took place. It was very short, for they did not deny the accusations brought against them. They refused to acknowledge that the elements of bread and wine were really the body and blood of Christ.

"Christ is in heaven," answered the merchant Hopper, "at the right hand of God; he cannot be on earth at the same time. I don't believe that sinful man, by a few words, would have the power of changing bread and wine into flesh and blood. If there was a change, our sense would give us evidence of that change. The bread remains bread, and the wine, wine. But more than this, I see no authority in Scripture for this belief. Christ told us to take bread and wine in remembrance of the last supper he took with his disciples on earth, or rather, of the great sacrifice which he was about to offer up, the last, the only one which God would ever accept, all previous ones being types of this; promising us the same support to our spiritual nature that the bread and wine gives to our physical nature. He often speaks of himself as a door, as a rock, as a cornerstone of a building. In the same way he speaks of his flesh and blood. He intends us to understand that we are spiritually to feed on him, that is to say, to trust on his sacrifice, his blood shed for us."

"This is heresy! You need say no more," said the judge. "And your daughter there, what does she say to these things?"

"I agree with my father," answered Gretchen, firmly. "I believe that the just shall live by faith; that neither our works nor our obedience to the Church of Rome will help in any way to save us. Christ has accomplished that great and glorious work, and only requires us to take hold of it by faith."

"Enough—enough!" exclaimed the Inquisitor, stamping; "you have condemned yourself by your own words. We need no other witnesses, though we can prove that you and others were present at heretical meetings. That circumstance alone was sufficient to condemn you to death. We may afford you a few days for consideration and repentance. If you will recant your errors, you may receive a more merciful sentence, but if not, you, Andrew Hopper, are condemned to be burned alive; and you, Gretchen Hopper, to be drowned in a tank at the place of execution."

Several other persons were brought up before the Inquisitors, the greater number of whom were con-

demned to death. Andrew Hopper's property was confiscated to the use of the state, or in other words, to assist Duke Alva in riveting yet more firmly his yoke upon the necks of their countrymen. Both Andrew Hopper and Gretchen Hopper bore their fate with firmness and resignation. The chief regret of his daughter was that she was separated from her father. She longed to be with him that she might comfort and support him. Her thoughts, too, occasionally went back to her lover Diedrich. Where was he all the time? Alas! she would never see him again in this world, but she prayed that he might remain firm to the truth, and meet her in a more glorious state of existence.

When Caspar Gaill found what had taken place, he was in despair. He felt inclined to throw himself into the Meuse, and there end his life. He accused himself, very justly, of having caused the destruction of one he professed to love.

Might he yet do anything to save Gretchen? She might, perhaps, be got off, though it was not likely that her father would be allowed to escape. At first he thought of trying to get Father Quixada to plead for Gretchen, but he shuddered when he remembered the character of the man, and felt that even should the priest get her off, her condition would possibly not be improved. At last he bethought himself of consulting Peter Kopplestock. He had already told him of his love for Gretchen, he might possibly induce the ferryman to assist in her escape—no easy task, however, and one full of perils. Peter had not before heard of the seizure of the merchant Hopper and his daughter. He was naturally indignant in the extreme against all concerned.

"We must be cautious, however," he said at length, recovering his calmness. "I tell you, however, Caspar Gaill, I believe you have had something to do with it. You may be sorry now when it is too late. However, you must now exert yourself. Your father and the Bishop of Mons are old friends. You must endeavour to get the execution of these people deferred for a few days. That will give me more time to devise a scheme for their escape. A little bribery will probably have considerable effect. You have plenty of wealth, expend it liberally in this cause; you may thus somewhat repair the harm you have done."

Caspar promised to follow the advice of Peter, declaring that he would spend every guilder he possessed to aid his object. Day after day passed by, the accused refused to recant, and the Inquisitor declared that he could not "longer delay affording the true Catholics in the place the pleasure of seeing their Protestant fellow-citizens committed to the flames."

Caspar bribed liberally as he promised, but though his money was taken there was no good result. At length the day arrived when the executions were to take place. A stage was erected with a gibbet on it and huge casks of water. Below, on the solid ground, stakes with chains were driven into the ground; while near the gibbet was a post with a chain in which those who were to be mercifully strangled before being thrown into the flames were to be placed. It was a fearful-looking spectacle—fearful from its very simplicity. There was no parade nor decoration, nothing to conceal the naked horror of the work.

(To be continued.)

"OUR TOM."

A STORY OF THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

PART I.

IN a close, dusty court near the Strand lived Mrs. Brunt (little Tom's mother), and Tom, and Tom's two big brothers, in one room of one of the closest and dustiest houses. Little Tom was a dear friend of mine, and I should like to tell you about him.

The biggest of the big brothers, who was a coal-heaver, accidentally pitched a lump of coal upon my foot, as I was passing near his cart one morning. I was not badly hurt, but the big fellow was so overcome with remorse for his carelessness in "laming the lady" that he fairly blubbered. That lucky accident led to my knowing little Tom. Ben Brunt knew the cabman who drove me to my home, after my foot was hurt. In the evening of the next day I was told a rough man wanted to speak to me, "the lady as he had lamed." I was not too lame

to hobble out to the hall, and there stood big Ben, in an agony of shyness. At my appearance he seemed likely to cry again, which I was most anxious to prevent, and so asked what I could do for him. After much stammering, I found that he had come by the wish of "a little un, bless yer," to say how very sorry he was for what had happened, and to ask if I would accept something—*what* I could not tell. I tried to comfort the man, making light of my hurt, and then asked about the present he wished evidently to offer me. This seemed the right course, for he produced with much alacrity a little square-looking bundle of cotton handkerchief from under the hall chair, and untied the ends clumsily.

"He's a lovely singer, miss, and don't eat much neither; I got him a month or two back, and he's as fond o' me and the little un as ever a Christian could be; he is, bless yer."

Such a poor, dear little shabby bird—a bullfinch, —all soiled and dingy, in a tiny cage, which had evidently been scoured up before he brought it. I hesitated. Ben began to get shy again.

"He's a good singer and a early riser. I should never a thought on him for yer, if the little un hadn't a made it up to have it so in the night. He don't sleep much, the little un don't, so he thinks o' things, and I was cut up like about what I done to yer foot yesterday, and so I told the little un all about it, and left him to settle what I should do; and so as soon as it was light this morning he woke me, and said, 'Ben, give her the birdie, she'll forgive you then, sure to.'"

Now it was my turn to be shy. I asked the grimy giant who the "little un" was.

"Our Tom, he's the little un. You see, miss, he's never growed since he was three, and now he's seven; he lays abed, too, but he knows a deal o' things—more than I do, bless yer. It aint his birdie, so to say, though I give it him a Whitsuntide, cause he likes to call him Ben's birdie, bein' so fond o' me."

This seemed to be getting upon tender ground. The man pulled up suddenly, and taking the handkerchief quite off the cage held it out to me.

"The little un ull like him to be in such a big house, an' if you feed him yerself he'll get quite tame to yer in no time."

I felt too much touched to speak. I guessed little Tom was a sick brother, and sent my love to him. I took the rose out of my hair, a lovely white one, and asked big Ben to give it to the little un; said I would take great care of birdie, and always feed him myself. Then Ben went away.

My mother told me I ought to have asked where the little boy lived, and I was much vexed with myself for not having done so, thinking how I, perhaps, could have learned some of the "deal o' things" the "little un" knew. I looked out for my dirty friend Ben, but was not successful. About a fortnight after birdie's arrival Ben came again. The "little un" had sent him to see how birdie and the lady's foot were getting on. I showed birdie in his shabby cage, for I had a feeling about changing his abode, and Ben seemed satisfied. My foot was quite well. I asked where little Tom lived, and wrote down much information on the subject. I told Ben I should like to see the "little un," and then he looked dubious.

"It aint a big place like, and mother has a bit o' washing about most days."

I told him I did not take up much room, and that I should like to come next day but one, about ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. My mother and I set off together, carrying a little basket, in which were some roses for little wise Tom.

Oh, dear ladies, who dwell in lofty airy houses, think of poor little dwindling invalids in foul, close London courts! Sweet little Tommy! my little patient

friend! how I bless the day I first trod the dirty stairs leading to your poor little miserable, stuffy abode!

After we had found the house we knocked and waited alternately for about ten minutes, then, as we were wondering what to do next, a voice shouted coarsely, "Who do you want? Widder Brunt? Up three flights and open the door."

Up we went, toiling amongst all kinds of abominations—bad air, bad words, generally found together. We heard a voice issuing from the door we expected to have to open, a thin, pipy voice, sweet though as a well-tuned stringed instrument. The voice was saying, "All but the two pair of socks, mother. They fell down behind the chair. We have got on this morning, aint we—you and me, mother? and they'll soon get dry, too, won't they just?"

We were puzzled. I knocked at the door.

"Oh, mother, the lady—the lady!"

The woman opened the door and curtsied. Little Tom clapped his thin hands and ejaculated, "Two of 'em! Which is the right one?"

Mother took the only chair and talked to Mrs. Brunt. I went straight to the "little un." "I'm the right one," I said; "and how is Tommy to-day?"

"Nicely, thank you, ma'am."

Nicely! I looked at the sweet face, so white, a delicate blue network of veins round the soft brown eyes, long dark lashes, and golden brown curls for a lovely frame. This is no fancy sketch. Such a face I saw that hot July day lying upon no soft, clean pillow of down and fair linen, but upon a wretched little affair of a bed with a chaff pillow and ragged cover, rough and coarse in its best days. Yet it was indeed "Nicely, thank you." We chattered together upon many subjects—birdie, my foot, "dear Ben;" and then a great treasure was shown me—an old torn picture book—such a book as children love—old nursery jingles and ridiculous tales. Tom and Ben together had "learned each other to read it." I asked the dear little child about himself, his sickness, but he was disinclined to say much about it. "He knew he should never be big, but he liked to be little; mother and Ben and Jack liked him to be little." I found a short time in that close room was enough for my mother, so I told the dear "little un" I should come again soon and bring birdie to see him, and then I would take back my little basket. I knew how the poor mite would enjoy unpacking it with his kind mother. Oh the relief of breathing comparatively pure air! Poor little blossom to fade and die slowly in such poison!

"Mary," said my mother, "that child is a little angel. His mother says he suffers dreadfully. He has heart complaint and some other internal ailment, and he is crippled in his spine too, from a fall or hurt of some kind. Do you think they would take him in at the Children's Hospital, in Great Ormond Street? Poor little fellow, it is too piteous to see

the way in which that woman tries to persuade herself that he will 'soon be better.' Her second son is blind, she tells me, and Ben has been out of work until quite lately. She has a little washing, but, my dear Mary, think of making anything *clean* in such a dirty place, poor dear creatures. Let us go this afternoon and see the Children's Hospital, and ask about the rules of admission. Even if the little boy *must* die by-and-by, it will be a comfort to have tried to alleviate his sufferings."

Accordingly, we drove that very afternoon to the Hospital for Sick Children, in Great Ormond Street—a quiet, dingy, old-fashioned street, though so near to many bustling thoroughfares. A man-servant opened the door and showed us into a business-like waiting-room. Soon a lady joined us, a tall, kind-looking lady, with a sweet smile and gentle manner, who said that we could have a list of subscribers, and apply to any one of them whose name we might know; or we could pay a subscription of three guineas at once to be provided with a letter of admission when we pleased, which we at once gladly decided to do. Anything seemed little to do when we contrasted the place we had seen in the morning with the large, fresh, scrupulously clean rooms wherein sick children of all sizes were actually disporting themselves. Every invention that talent and kindness could imagine was there—flowers in abundance, toys, books, pictures; every sort of nourishment, good and wholesome; neat, cozy beds; soft linen sheets; nice little clean print dressing-gowns for them all; no horrors about; no washing; open windows, sunshine, pleasant childish prattle, and little bursts of delicious child-laughter in corners. In one ward a pretty young nurse in a neat grey dress and white apron was dressing a doll with a child of two on her knee. In another, a lady nurse, dressed in black, with a white head-dress of muslin, was reading the "Sweet story of old" in most gentle tones to a dying girl of eleven. I think the complaint was inflammation of the lungs. The lady who kindly attended us through the rooms told us some touching remarks which had been made by this poor child. It was a pretty sight indeed to see the faces light up with real happiness and love as this lady went round the wards. Little hands were held out to be squeezed, and some who were too ill to move looked their welcome to her. I am sure I prayed God to bless her as she moved along. Who would not hold very dear such country-women as those? All things seemed arranged harmoniously. The nurses looked so orderly and pleasant, the house so neat and quiet withal, and we saw with

much pleasure some pretty plates being handed about, and begged to be allowed to see the beginning of tea. Our conductress gave a kind permission, and we saw the man-servant come into the wards staggering under a great wooden tray of slices of bread and butter, cans of pure—yes, even in London—pure milk, watercress, green and fresh, everything so enjoyable. There was no fuss or bustle. Each nurse quietly helped her children, and then little pale hands were folded, eyes closed, and sweet little voices, weak and low enough some of them, sung a reverent grace, led by the lady herself. Dear little children! I could not help thinking how much their Father in heaven loves them all, gathered there, as it might be, for his sake. Surely it is so: love moves many hearts to give of their substance to these dear suffering babies, and I am sure love moves the hearts of those who tend them. One thing astonished us much. These ladies, evidently well-born and delicately nurtured, spoke so calmly of work which must be very trying, to say the least of it.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

95. What examples occur in the Old Testament of revelations conveyed to men by means of symbolical actions?

96. The same facts present themselves no less prominently in the New Testament.

97. The ages at the time of their death of three high priests are recorded in the Old Testament.

98. Give four allusions in St. Paul's Epistles to incidents mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles.

99. Quote a verse from which it appears probable that there were certain fixed times appointed for making application to the prophets.

100. In 2 Kings xviii. 18 we read of three messengers sent to meet Rabshakeh, the fathers of two are given, and not of the third. Mention their names, and the probable reason of the omission.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 304.

79. Ps. lxxviii. 24, 25. "The corn of heaven" and "angels' food."

80. Gal. iii. 19. "It was ordained by angels in the hand of a mediator."

81. John v. 46; Acts iii. 22; Acts vii. 37; Acts xxvi. 22; Rev. xv. 3.

82. Gal. iv. 29. "As then, he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit."

"THE QUIVER" COT FUND."

We shall be glad to receive any Lists which may still be out, as it is desirable to close the account without further delay. A statement of the Fund will shortly be laid before our readers.—ED. "QUIVER."